

## A GOOD STORY.

The blood of the turnip is the seed of the church with some stingy people.















# The Old Commonwealth.

## SUPPLEMENT.

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### In the Winter.

In the winter, clearest jasper  
O'er the lonely valley smiles;  
In the winter, birds with music  
Never flood the woodland aisles.

In the winter, down the hillside  
Gaily coats the gentler sex;  
In the winter, o'er the sidewalk  
Hangs the ulster for an X.

In the winter, softest sky-down  
All the cedar pennons tip;  
In the winter, the pedestrian  
On the coal-hole cover slips.

In the winter, on the window  
Keenly shines each frosty gem;  
In the winter, fond Leander  
Leaves his girl at 2 p. m.

In the winter, to the opera  
C. Augustus Minnie takes;  
In the winter, Georgiana  
Blushes o'er the buckwheat cakes.

In the winter, silver sleigh-bells  
Jingle sweetly, mile on mile;  
In the winter, doth the snow ball  
Elevate the silken tile.

In the winter, beggar-sparrows  
Round the gables chirp and prank;  
In the winter, doth the plumber  
Put some shekels in the bank.

In the winter, shrill winds whistle  
Through the lover's summer nook;  
In the winter, there are other  
Things enough to fill a book.

—W. A. Craft.

### THAT BROWN DRESS.

"I think it's about time I had a new dress," said Mrs. Torrey to her husband one day, when he was counting over the money he had just brought from town, where he had sold a load of wheat. "Suppose you give me one of those new bills, John, next time you go to town, and let me go with you." The coaxing smile she gave him failed to have its desired effect, however.

"A new dress!" exclaimed Mr. Torrey, evidently as much surprised as he had ever been in his life. "Why, Sarah, I thought you had plenty of good clothes. I don't see what you can be thinking of when you plan to spend money these hard times, on new dresses, when you have more now than you know what to do with."

"I don't know what you're thinking of when you say that," answered Mrs. Torrey. "I have had just two calico dresses in a year. I have the enormous number of six dresses, at present, in different stages of wear. One calico is quite good. Two calicoes are half worn out. That old brown dress has done duty for two years as my good dress, and this one"—holding up a frayed sleeve for his inspection—"shows for itself. I've mended it until there's nothing left to mend it with, and it won't hold together much longer."

"Well, that's only five," said Mr. Torrey. "The sixth happens to be a lawn, which would scarcely be appropriate for winter wear," answered Mrs. Torrey. "I've worn that brown dress so long that I hate the sight of it. No matter where I go, that has to go, too. I don't believe the neighbors would know me if they saw me away from home with anything else on."

"I'm sure I shouldn't care for the opinion of the neighbors," answered her husband, loquaciously. "I always thought you looked extremely well with that dress on. It's warm and comfortable, isn't it?"

"Yes, and so is a blanket," answered Mrs. Torrey.

"I don't approve of the practice so prevalent among some of the farmers' wives, nowadays, of buying a new dress every time they take a notion into their heads that they'd like one," said Mr. Torrey, very impressively. "We've got to economize if we ever expect to get out of the present financial difficulties. If we all bought needless things, the country'd soon be bankrupt. I don't suppose you understand it Sarah; but it's extravagance that has made the hard times." And Mr. Torrey tried to look as wise as a professor of political economy.

"Not extravagance on my part," responded his wife, who was not much impressed with his arguments. "I want a new dress because I need one, and there is no extravagance about it. I have earned one, I think; but if you don't think so, you had better keep the money."

Mrs. Torrey's temper was up. Whenever her husband was in one of his extraneous moods, he never failed to rouse her spirit. She knew that she was a careful, prudent woman, and she felt that a new dress—and half a dozen new dresses, for that matter—had been fully paid for by her economy in little things during the year.

But if he begrudged her the money, why, she'd go without, if she had to stay at home all winter. She wouldn't coax him for what rightfully belonged to her. If his sense of justice wasn't strong enough to prompt him to do the fair thing, she'd fall back on the old brown dress, and make that do for another season.

"I don't see much force in your argument," said Mr. Torrey. "If I had six

suits of clothes, or even three, I'd be more than satisfied."

He folded up the money as if that decided the matter, and put it back in the pocketbook.

"You poor old brown thing!" Mrs. Torrey said, next day when she was airing the closet where she kept her clothes, "you've got to be 'Sunday best' for another winter, and she held up the dress to the light and inspected it closely.

The folds were faded a good deal, the trimming was out of date, and it had a kind of genteel-poverty look about it generally.

"I know what I'll do," she said, with a twinkle in her eyes. "I'll wear it everywhere, and I'll go out every time I can, and I'll make him as sick of it as I am. Last winter I wore that old gray delaine part of the time, but since that departed this life I'll have to make this do double duty."

Next Sunday she came down arrayed for church in the brown dress.

"I'm sure that looks well enough for anybody," her husband said. "If you always have as good clothes you won't have any cause for complaint."

Mrs. Torrey frowned, and then she smiled.

Half the farmers' wives at church had on neat new dresses, and her brown one looked more dingy than ever beside them. Somehow, the contrast between her appearance and that of her neighbors struck Mr. Torrey quite forcibly, but he was sure it wasn't on account of her dress. That was "good enough for anybody."

Mrs. Perkins had a quilting Wednesday afternoon, and the men were invited to tea. Clad in her brown dress, Mrs. Torrey made herself very conspicuous among the other ladies during the evening. The contrast between their pretty garments and her own was considerably to her disadvantage, and her husband did not fail to notice it; but—

"I'll warrant their dresses cost five or ten dollars apiece, and I can't afford that," he thought, and tried to forget that there were such things as dresses in the world.

The next Sunday the brown dress went to church again, and twice during the week it was on duty.

Mr. Torrey began to get tired of brown, but he wouldn't say so. He stood it for a month. During that time the inevitable garment was worn no less than ten times. It was at Mrs. Baxter's sociable that Mr. Torrey capitulated, and that was the last time the brown dress made its appearance in public. He was sitting in a corner, behind two ladies, when one of them made this remark to the other:

"Mrs. Torrey is a nice-looking woman, I think."

"Yes," was the reply: "and she'd look ever so much better if she could dress as other folks do. To my certain knowledge, this is the third season she's worn that brown dress."

Mr. Torrey felt very uncomfortable. "What makes her stick to it as she does?" asked the other lady. "You know I've only been in the neighborhood six weeks, but I've never seen her in any other dress, and I've met her a good many times, too."

Mr. Torrey began to perspire freely. "It's the only dress she has that's fit to wear away from home in the winter," was the reply.

"Is her husband poor?" asked the other.

"Oh, no; only economical," was the answer, with a little laugh that made Mrs. Torrey tingle to the tips of his toes. "I suppose he's worth as much as most of the farmers in the neighborhood."

"And she hasn't anything better to wear than that?" exclaimed the other lady, indignantly. "If Mr. Torrey were my husband, and obliged me to wear one dress three years, I'd—"

Mr. Torrey didn't stop to hear the sentence finished. He never knew whether the ladies knew who the man was that made such an undignified dash for the side-door or not, but he has never met them since without getting uncomfortably warm.

"See here, Sarah, I want to make a bargain with you," he said, next morning, looking very foolish and red in the face. "I'll give you fifteen dollars if you'll promise never to wear that brown dress away from home again."

"Why?" exclaimed Mrs. Torrey, with a twinkle of triumph in her eye. "I hope your haven't got tired of it? I'm sure it's good enough for anybody."

"Is it a bargain?" asked her husband, holding up the money.

"Yes," answered she; and then her lord and master beat a hasty retreat to the barn, where he happened to remember some work needed doing very much.

The next Sunday when Mrs. Torrey walked up the aisle at church, her husband was really proud of her. Her new black dress fitted beautifully, and the sash she wore was as neat as any in the house. And the pretty bonnet, with scarlet roses, that she had fashioned at home to wear with her new garments, made her look five years younger than she had done in the old hat she had worn with the brown dress.

"You don't say you got that dress and this sash arrangement, and this

bonnet, for that money?" he asked, when they were going home.

"Yes, I did," she answered. "I saved considerable by making them myself; and part of the ribbons and fringe I had before. I do believe I like this suit better than the brown dress."

"Hang the brown dress!" exclaimed Mr. Torrey; "I hope you'll never mention it again."

### A Most Singular Suicide.

A most distressing suicide occurred at Stephensport, Ky., a small town on the Ohio river, recently. The victim was a very beautiful and attractive girl of sixteen years named Mary Kelly, and of excellent family and irreproachable character. She lived very happily with her mother and step-father, and was at all times apparently in buoyant spirits and full of girlish glee. She had inherited \$2,000 from her father, which her step-father had lost by a bad investment, leaving her penniless, except as the step-father supplied her wants, which he always did gladly to the full extent of his ability. She apparently cared nothing for the loss she had met. One Sunday Mary went to one of the drug stores of the town and purchased a dime's worth of morphine. The druggist asked her in a jocular manner if she intended to kill herself. She replied with a laugh, "Yes, that is what I want with the morphine." She then went home, and, retiring to her room, took the poisonous drug. Fortunately her mother soon discovered what the girl had done, and immediately called a physician, who applied the proper remedies and her life was saved. During the week, still apparently in good spirits, she attended a revival meeting in progress in the town, going two or three evenings.

On the following Thursday night she remained at home, and while alone in her room cut her throat with her father's razor, inflicting a terrible gash but not severing the windpipe. Medical aid was summoned, the wound dressed and the physician stated that with proper care she would recover. The next night, however, during the brief absence of her mother from her bedside, the girl determined on death, tore open the wound in her throat and even wrenched open the windpipe, dying before morning. The suicide is a most remarkable one. The girl was perfectly sane, at no time manifesting the slightest symptoms of insanity. She was of unusually happy disposition. She had no love affair, she had never had the attentions of any man. The loss of her money never seemed to disturb her and was never referred to by her. Lovable in her disposition, sweet in temper, and beloved and respected by all, what could be the impelling cause to her suicide is most remarkable. The case is one of the most singular that ever occurred in that part of the country.

### Importance of a Letter.

Curious blunders have been made by telegraph operators in changing words of messages sent. But it would be hard to find a case parallel to the following, related in *Scribner's*, where the change of a single letter turned a living into a dead man: Mr. Raymond, editor of the New York Times, often visited the army during the war, and was intimate with many officers. He received one day a telegram from Colonel Swain, which startled him: "Your brother's corpse is at Belle Plaine. Come immediately."

He started early the next morning for Washington, and missing Colonel Swain there, pushed forward to Belle Plaine, full of sad thoughts that his brother, who had been very sick, had died so suddenly. On the way he met Dr. Dean, of Albany, who was engaged in embalming the dead bodies of soldiers, and made arrangements to have his brother embalmed. Going to General Wadsworth's headquarters, to whose division his brother's brigade was attached, the general kindly sent one of his officers to inquire into the circumstances of his brother's death. The officer soon returned and the brother with him. The telegraph had blundered by adding a letter. Colonel Swain had written, "Your brother's *corps* is at Belle Plaine." The telegrapher made it *corpse*. The blunderer was pardoned, however, by both brothers, on account of the joy of meeting.

The Chicago *Commercial Advertiser* affirms that "Alaska promises to become something of a bonanza to the United States notwithstanding all the ridicule that has been heaped upon it since Mr. Seward paid \$7,000,000 of government money for it. Recent discoveries of valuable mineral deposits have attracted considerable emigration thither, and as the number of whites becomes larger, the troubles with the natives grow less. The future of Alaska, from present indications, will be a complete vindication of the late Secretary Seward's shrewdness in making the purchase."

The *Evangelist* says that as 40,000 of our 292,000 Indians can write, and 30,000 are members of churches, the fact is proved beyond a doubt that the Indian is capable of being civilized.

### A Curious Historical Error.

Probably ninety-nine persons in a hundred believe that Sir Walter Raleigh visited America, for it is so recorded in many books; but a New York paper denies that the ill-starred favorite of Queen Elizabeth ever came to these shores, and makes the following statement in support of its assertion—a statement which will be "news" to many readers:

Every few weeks we see in print something about Sir Walter Raleigh's visits to this country, and his sojourns in Virginia, where, indeed, some persons have assumed to have his blood through connections formed by him when in that colony. Hardly any historic error is commoner than this. It occurs continually, not only in newspapers here and abroad, but in books claiming to have been prepared with care. The cause of this wide-spread mistake is, doubtless, that Sir Walter did set sail hither, in 1579, with his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who had obtained a liberal patent for establishing a plantation in America. One of their vessels was lost, and the other was so crippled, it is said, in an engagement with a Spanish fleet that they put back without making land. Four years later, Raleigh, weary of inactivity as a courtier, used his influence with Queen Elizabeth to promote a second expedition to these shores. Prevented at the last moment by accident from coming in person, he left the command to Sir Humphrey, who sailed from Plymouth with five ships (June, 1583), and reached Newfoundland, of which he took possession in the name of the queen. The voyage was very unfortunate in many ways; and Gilbert himself, in returning home, went down with one of the only two vessels he had left. Raleigh fitted out other expeditions to America, and is reputed, but incorrectly, to have named Virginia after Elizabeth, in honor of her supposed maidenhood. She herself so designated the colony, and conferred upon her favorite the order of knighthood for the efforts he had made to further its progress. Raleigh, however, never set foot on or even saw this land. Still, a work with so much reputation and of such pretense as its article on Raleigh (we quote from the London edition of 1877): "The spirit of enterprise was, however, restless in the man, and, in 1584, a patent having been granted him to take possession of lands to be discovered by him on the continent of North America, he fitted out two ships at his own expense, and shortly achieved the discovery and occupation of the territory known as Virginia." What does this mean if it does not mean that Raleigh came over in his ships? The "Cyclopedia" commits the same blunder in divers places, of which this is one: Speaking of the potato, it says it was twice carried to England without attracting much notice, till it was a third time imported from America by Sir Walter Raleigh. If a standard work, ranked as an authoritative work of reference, makes the glaring mistake, is it strange that newspapers and hastily-written books should trip on the same points.

### Vesuvius in Eruption.

The recent announcement that Mount Vesuvius was again in eruption makes the following from a New York paper both timely and interesting: The volcano is much more active recently than it used to be. There have been half a dozen or more eruptions in the past twenty-five years, the latest in 1876. In the days of ancient Rome, it seems to have been so very quiet that its volcanic character was only inferred from its ingenious rocks. The first recorded outbreak was in 79, when Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed. Since then there have been some sixty-five outbreaks, differing greatly in duration, force and fury. In 473 the ashes fell in Constantinople, and caused great alarm there. In 1538 the summit known as Monte Nuovo was forced up in forty-eight hours to the height of 413 feet, with a circumference of 8,000 feet. In 1631 the villages at the base of the mountain were covered with lava, and torrents of boiling lava poured forth. In 1829 Vesuvius lost, by the fierceness of its eruption, 800 feet, nearly all of which has been restored by subsequent eruptions. Before that the top was a rough, rocky plain, covered with scoriae and blocks of lava, and rent by many fissures, giving out clouds of sulphurous smoke. But it was then changed to an elliptical chasm three miles in circumference, three-fourths of a mile at its greatest diameter, and some 2,000 feet deep. Each eruption strangely alters the crater, so that it is totally different from what it was before in shape, semblance and dimensions. The crater is always terribly interesting, and undergoes such a revolution with each new outbreak that the volcano is well worth climbing for that sight alone. Many people, mostly Americans and English, ascend Vesuvius each time they go to Naples, and feel rewarded for their trouble. The present height of the mountain is about 4,000 feet.

A Philadelphia paper warns winter against a sunstroke.

### Fulton Market, New York.

Probably no name of any locality in the great metropolis of our land is so well-known the country over as this. The large quantities of fish sold there are a special feature. It being near the landing place of ferries, and of the New Haven, Hartford and other steamers, makes it a place where crowds gather. Its natural local advantages, as regards the things named, and also water and ship accommodations, make it superior to all other markets.

The wholesale fish market is between the street and the water, under a long wooden shed. Each firm has a space about twelve or fifteen feet wide, reaching from the street to the slip in which their cars are floating. These are kept filled with live fish by smacks and boats that are coming and going at all hours of the day and night. This fish business has been constantly increasing, and now, very early each morning, various fish wagons, carts, etc., crowd the space along the street while securing their supplies. On the opposite side of the street, also along the walks, are wagons, etc., from which clams, lobsters, etc., are sold. Inside the main building are several of the largest fish firms, and a number of the best eating places to be found in any part of the city. On the Beekman street wing, large quantities of fish are sold by retail every day. In this market great quantities of salt water fish are packed in boxes, and sent to the interior cities and towns.

The market draws its supplies from all parts of the country, from ocean, river and lake. When a fishing vessel comes from any place laden with fresh fish, it can find customers there for its cargo.

Peculiar tact is needed to successfully conduct business in this market. Hence the men who have been there a few years are soon seen to be men of intelligence, sprightliness, cheerfulness of manner, perhaps brusque, but always kindly. Follow them to their homes, where they put off the smocks and aprons, and big rubber boots needed in their markets, and you meet cordial and refined hospitality. The men are mostly husbands and fathers, supporters of churches and all the other good things that ennoble and preserve society. They are living evidences that men can do work that soils hands and feet and clothes, and still preserve their hearts pure and warm and true.—*Sea World*.

### A Characteristic Frontier Episode.

Lieut. Fred F. Kinslingbury, Eleventh Infantry, commanding the Indian scouts who left Fort Custer a month ago on a scout to the Judith Basin, and about whom the people of the post had been quite anxious, fearing that himself and party had been lost, returned last week. The lieutenant and his men had a rough, cold trip, and the majority of the party are more or less frozen. At the Muscleshell, a noted desperado named Tom Herald, more widely known as "Black Hawk," who was at the time engaged in selling whisky to the Indians, undertook to intimidate the lieutenant and one of his men, and finally attempted to take their lives. After emptying his Winchester, happily without fatal results, into the "shack" where Kinslingbury and his men were stopping, he broke open the door, firing, and swearing he would kill every one of them. He was shot dead instantly by a well-directed bullet, which penetrated his heart. Lieutenant Kinslingbury had a narrow escape, having had his blouse and vest perforated by one or two balls, which missed his body only by a hair's breadth.—*Montana Independent*.

### Words of Wisdom.

Hasty people drink the nectar of existence scalding hot.

Pleasure comes through toil and not by self-indulgence and indolence.

Often a reserve that hides a bitter humiliation seems to be haughtiness.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.

If some folks had their way about this world, how few people could live comfortably in it.

Every man, however wise, requires the advice of some sagacious friend in the affairs of life.

Of all the possessions of this life fame is the noblest; when the body has sunk into the dust the great name still lives.

In France it is estimated that about 18,000,000 of the population live by agriculture and 9,000,000 by manufactures.

Many sacrifice to dress till household joys and comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry and keeps our larder lean.

Pride is like the beautiful acacia that lifts its head proudly above its neighbor plants, forgetting that it, too, like them, has its root in the dirt.

It is not much thought of, but it is certainly a very important lesson, to learn how to enjoy ordinary life, and be able to relish your being without the ransport of some passion or the gratification of some appetite.

### At Sunset.

Oh! there are golden moments in men's lives Sudden, unlooked for, as the little clouds All gold, which suddenly illumine the gates Of the lost sun.

Oh, pray for them! They bring No increase like the gains of sun and showers Only a moment's brightness to the earth, Only a moment's gleam in common life, Yet who would change them for wealth worlds?

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The lay of the land—Eggs.

An unpalatable dish—Cold shoulder.

The State debt of Iowa is only \$500,000.

There are 224 distinct railroad companies in Great Britain.

Virginia has now 2,491 schools, instructing 108,074 pupils.

Jug Corners is the name of a hamlet in Allegan county, Mich.

Guilford county, N. C., kills and sells 300,000 rabbits annually.

Leap-year is always popular with the ladies.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

A maiden effort—Attempt to catch a beau.—*Marathon Independent*.

Railroad projects are now heard of everywhere from Maine to California.

It has been estimated that it costs 30,000,000 a day to carry on the world.

\* The debts of English towns and cities for sanitary improvements amount to \$230,000,000.

Five years have increased the acreage of cereals in the United States from 74,000,000 to 95,000,000.

During the past year there were built in the shops of Altoona, Pa., fifty consolidated locomotives.

The work of building steel bridges in Pittsburg for the West is rapidly becoming a great feature.

You can't make a horse drink; but if he will not eat you can put a bit in his mouth.—*Boston Transcript*.

Statistics show that every thirty-eighth person in the United States has a carriage in which to ride.

The men who advertise all the year around walk off with the lion's share of trade.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

The president of the French republic receives \$120,000 a year, with a like sum for household and other expenses.

What's the use of a sea captain telling the truth on shore, when his vessel is lying in the stream?—*New York News*.

China is an empire containing 400,000,000 food consumers. Nothing that it is possible to eat is permitted to be wasted.

The total number of deaths by accidents on the great American lakes during the year was 167, against 124 in 1878.

Ex-Gov. Bagley, of Michigan, gave \$100 in silver coin to each of five charities, in honor of his recent silver wedding.

The fifteen car manufacturing establishments of the United States turned out last year 37,350 pieces of rolling stock.

It cost nearly \$500,000 to light the city of New York last year. There are 23,136 public lamps and 861 miles of gas mains in the city.

The average life of paper wheel under-trucks of locomotive engines ranges from 500,000 miles to 1,641,880 miles, and under dining and palace cars from 794,000 to 868,336 miles.

The monthly wash list of a Pullman sleeping-car is about 6,000 pieces, and the bill is upward of \$70. Each car has a total equipment of 100 sheets, 100 pillow-slips, thirty hand-towels and ten roller-towels.

Blue eyes are said to be true. We don't know how this is, but certainly there are many lies told about black eyes.—*New York News*.

The difference between a man who digs in the ground and one who digs in books is that the former digs for hire and the latter for lore.

It is very much the same with popping corn as with popping the question. It is usually accompanied by some agitation and a good deal of warmth.

Mr. William Morris, of Greenock, Scotland, has made a discovery by which he can photograph underneath the water at a depth of ten fathoms.

The United States annually pays to foreign countries no less than \$23,000,000 for silk, all of which, it is claimed, may in due time be saved to our people by proper encouragement of silk-culture.

Sandalwood is found chiefly in the Pacific islands. The Chinese burn it as an incense in the temples of their gods. They use enormous quantities of it, and it is a valued article of trade.

A widow, who lives in a secluded part of Michigan, talks very imperfectly by reason of having lost her palate, and her two daughters, aged eight and twelve years, can only speak the strange language they have learned of her, though their vocal organs are perfect.



**The Lesson.**  
A teacher sat in a pleasant room,  
In the window light alone;  
Her head was bowed in anxious thought;  
With the work and care she had brought,  
She had faint and weary grown.  
And the task which seemed light in morning's ray,  
As she thought of it now at the close of the day,  
When weary with toil and faint with care,  
Seemed more than human strength could bear.

Since the scholars had left her, one by one,  
Full more than an hour had flown;  
She had given them each a kind good-night,  
And while they lingered her eyes were bright.  
But they dimmed with tears when alone,  
She had borne the burden the day had brought,  
The daily task she had faithfully wrought,  
And now, to sooth her weary mind,  
A lesson of life she sought to find.

The work and care of the day she scans,  
But no lesson from them receives.

"The day has no lesson for me," she said;  
"A lesson, I'll read, in the Book instead."

And she opened her Bible leaves,  
When lo! the lesson she had sought in vain,  
To draw from her faded and weary brain,  
At once from the holy page she drew,  
Though always the same, yet ever new.

"Establish Thou the work of our hands,"  
"Twas this that met her gaze,  
The words went up from her lips like prayer,  
And as she read she treasured there  
A lesson for many days.

Not alone for her let the lesson be,  
May it come as well to you and to me,  
Let our prayer be the words of holy writ,  
"Yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it."

**Hindu Schools and School-Masters.**

A Hindu boy is first taken to school when he attains his fifth year, and for the occasion a lucky day is selected.—On this day a feast is held at the house of his father, when the boy is richly dressed and decorated with jewelry, and seated either on horseback or in an open palanquin, preceded by music and a party of friends and relations. In the school a carpet is spread for him to sit upon, and a wooden board, *pati*, dusted over with red powder, is placed in front of the seat with the image of Sarasvati, the goddess of learning, drawn on it.—When the procession arrives at the school, the master receives the guests, and places the boy on the seat prepared for him. Then sitting beside him, and worshipping Ganesa and Sarasvati, he prays to them to give him wisdom, and that his course of study may be successful; he makes him repeat the first seven letters which constitute the name of Ganesa. For his services the school-master is presented with a shawl, a turban from one to five rupees; and among his pupils are distributed solid wooden pens, inkstones or slates, and sweetmeats varying from eight annas to twenty rupees' worth, according to the means and wishes of the parents, and the school is granted a holiday either on that or the next day.

On the following day the boy rises rather early to await a call from his schoolmaster, whom he has learned to fear from his mother's lips, for a Hindu mother's awe-inspiring threat is, "Call the *pantaji*." When this object of his terror comes, the boy either accompanies him, or goes to the school with his father's servant. The hours of attendance at school are from six to ten in the morning, and again from twelve to six in the evening, and the schoolmaster both times goes round collecting his pupils. In the school date mats are usually spread, on which the children sit cross-legged. Before each a board—the *pati*, made of wood, a foot long, nine inches broad, and one inch thick, with a handle on the left side—is placed, spread over with fine line dust, one-eighth of an inch in depth. The tile or brick dust the boy takes with him to school in a wooden or glass pot, and when about return, he collects it from the board, and brings it home again.—On this board the *pantaji* generally draws from six to seven letters of the alphabet at a time. Sitting by turns behind his pupil, he takes hold tightly of the boy's hand, and pressing the first or index finger on the solid pen, draws the letters, repeating them at the same time, and making the boy, very often with tears, repeat them after him. He then goes to the next boy, and so on, till he has set them all particular lessons. This he goes on doing till the boys are able to write after a fashion.—But before he begins their regular lesson, he teaches them to form the name of the god Ganesa, then vowels, then consonants, then the several series of twelve letters, into which the Marathi alphabet is arranged; then arithmetic, that is numeration with the fractional parts of a unit, and after arithmetic the boy is taught to read at sight. The method of teaching in writing was introduced into India more than 2,100 years ago, and still continues to be practiced. No people perhaps on earth have adhered so much to their ancient usages as the Hindus.

The pupils are not divided into classes, but are all lumped together, and all simultaneously vociferate their various tasks. In the evening, an hour before closing, they are all made to stand up in rows facing each other, at such a distance to enable the *pantaji* to pass between the lines, and with their hands joined and held near the heart, they repeat the letters, multiplication table and a few hymns, and the master concludes with instructions regarding household duties, attendance at school, and reminding them always to keep the *pantaji* in mind. After this they are dismissed, each with a stroke on the palm of their hands from the *pantaji's* cane, the *pantaji* taking such boys to their respective homes as have no servants, or whose servants have not come for them.

In the school kindness is unknown.—Fear is the first, the last and the only feeling brought into play; punishment that partakes of the nature of torture, the only stimulant; with the cane and a wooden flat roundheaded rod or *panmutri* the master is always armed, and the open palm and clenched fist are always vigorously applied to the back, the neck and the head.—Of the other varieties of punishment constantly employed, the following may be taken as those of most ordinary occurrence:—To say nothing of the cane which the master renews at least once a month, the boys are beaten over the palm of the hand with the *panmutri*, the head of which is bored all over with holes; the boy is made to hold his right ear with the left hand, and the left with the right and quickly to sit down and stand up a number of times till he is quite fatigued, and can no longer repeat the operation—called the *ranghadi*; to stand for a

long time in a bent position, holding the right great toe with the left hand, and the left with the right, which is called *anghe*; or should the boy have committed some grave fault, in addition a stone is placed on his neck, and a number of writing-boards, *patas*, placed on his back, and should he be either of these fall, he is beaten with a cane, or condemned to stand for a certain time on one foot, the other being bent across the thigh; and should he let down the uplifted leg, he is beaten. Sometimes a boy's feet are tightly tied with a hemp, or coir rope, and suspended from a hook with his head hanging down, and chillies kept burning on the ground underneath the head. A lighter punishment is to apply molasses to his body, and let ants get at it, so that the insects keep biting the body. Another is to hang a rope from a beam, and lifting the boy to make him catch hold of it, inserting the fingers of his hands between each other; he is then kept suspended, either with molasses and ants applied to his body, or caned all over; or two erring boys are made to knock their heads against each other for a number of times; or the master, catching hold of their topknots, knocks their heads against each other, or against the wooden writing-boards. Two boys are made to pull an erring boy's ears with as much force as they can, each on his own side, but should the pullers be lenient toward the boy, the others are made to pull their ears, and thus knowing what they are about, they usually pull with vigor. If a boy wants to go out, he points out the little finger, or the first two fingers near the thumb, closing all the other fingers, and the master, if willing, allows him to go quickly, but if not, and the boy entreats to be allowed, the master will tell him to spit on the floor, and to return before it dries up; if it should dry before he returns, he is severely punished. These punishments will scarcely sound credible to the ear of a European, especially when a Hindu father attaches so much importance to a son, whose birth saves him from the torments of a particular hell called *put*, but they are too well known.

The children look on the *pantaji* with fear and hatred. To their imaginations he is more ghastly than a demon, and their dreams are haunted by the workings of the iron fingers at their throats. They wish they could put an end to those they hate. One recommends that a pit should be sunk beneath the spot where the *pantaji* usually sits; that brambles be placed in it, and a carpet spread over it, and then to his astonishment he would find what it is to suffer cruelty! Another suggests, that while thus entrapped, the boards should be heaped on him, and the young conspirators roar with laughter.

The education of the Hindu youth is much simpler and not so expensive as in Europe. The master is allowed to exact fees from his scholars which, with the presents that custom has established as due to him from the parents on particular occasions, form the source of his emoluments.

The fee is sometimes rebelled against, for it is the custom of the master to give a sort of holiday to the whole school on the occasion, and if the present be not given, the holiday is withheld, and thus the lads bring pressure on their parents to insure the necessary gift. On the full and new moon, and the eighth day of each half moon, a holiday is allowed.

To propitiate the teacher the boys are glad to prepare his *hukah*, to bring fire to light it, to prepare flowers for the worship of his household gods, to sweep and coddling the school floor and his lodging, to wash his pots; and boys even steal rice, salt, money, etc., from their houses, seeing that those who succeed in so doing escape punishment, and are praised for cleverness, though the greatest dances in the school; or the master filches their pocket-money on the flimsiest pretexts. But if a boy should fail to give him anything, he is cruelly flogged, for the hymn he has committed to memory at school says:

"Remember the *pantaji*, and fill your pockets while going to school; for when filling your pockets how joyous you feel, for the cane is out of the way."

The master is cruel, as we have seen, his conversation revolting, every wicked expression degrades his lips, and he is slothful and fond of sleep by day. But Hindus will on no account inquire after their children's tuition; it is intrusted to the *pantaji*, who, being a Brahman, is far too good to practice deception.—He is ignorant of the higher branches of education; all he knows being picked up in a school similar to the one he now conducts.

Recreation is denied to the boys, as the *pantaji* thinks it the road to beggary. The parents agree with him, and instead of allowing their boys to play, they are pleased to see them squatted on the veranda or lying on the floor brooding over the all-absorbing topic, the *pantaji* and the beatings they receive at school.

**Liszt and His Pupil.**

A pleasant incident is related of Liszt. A young orphan, a pianist, wholly dependent on himself for support, went to a small town in Germany, advertised a concert for a certain day, and stated that she was a pupil of Liszt. The day before the concert, she discovered, to her great dismay, that Liszt had arrived in the town, and was staying in the same hotel with herself. Fearing an exposure, which would be fatal to her future career, she waited on Liszt, and in the most humble manner begged pardon for the unwarranted use she had made of his name, making him acquainted at the same time with her unfriended situation. He listened to her story, and in the kindest manner requested her to sit down to the piano and play one of the pieces she had prepared for the next day's concert. He sat down by her side, gave her advice as to how certain passages should be rendered, corrected some faults, and then said, "Now, my young friend, I have given you a lesson; you may henceforth call yourself a pupil of Liszt." Before she could stammer out her thanks, he added, "If the programmes are not yet printed, you may state that on this occasion you will be assisted by your instructor, the Abbe Liszt."

The late William Ripley, of Columbus, Ohio, has bequeathed to the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, \$75,000, to endow a chair to be called the Ripley Professorship.

**The Feroocious Ruler of Burmah.**

Theeban the sultan of Burmah, who has recently created so much hostility in christian lands of the wholesale murder of his relatives during his drunken cries, has displayed a large amount of common sense which nobody believed him capable of possessing. He has granted an interview to the manager of the Irrawaddy Flotilla company and five other English gentlemen. More than that, he offered the interview himself. Mr. Swan and his party had asked for an audience when they passed up through Mandalay to Bhamo, but were told that such a distinction was not to be had for the asking. They were, therefore, considerably astonished, when on their return, they were told officially that if they wished to interview with his majesty he would be graciously pleased to receive them. The royal offer was of course, accepted. At the palace the party were met by Chevalier Andreine, Italian Consul, on this occasion as interpreter, in conjunction with the Pangye Woon, who speaks English, French, and Italian. Having passed through the Taga-nee, the red gate into the inner inclosure, they quickly arrived at the big flight of steps, on each side of which stand the two great gilded canons. Before ascending the steps they had put off their shoes. The shoes being relinquished, our party remounted the steps, made in the usual Burmese fashion, very low and very wide—too low to be comfortable in ascending one at a time, and too wide for two being taken at once. At the head of the staircase and stretching under the gilded colonnade, were arranged in double line, a regiment of Burmese braves, with their bayonets fixed. Now commenced the second trial. It is difficult to look about and see things, and at the same time avoid treading on nails picking through the planking. The object of the nails is shrewd and peculiarly characteristic of the Burmese. It is to force visitors to lower their eyes when in such near proximity to the ruler of land and sea. Having gone through this ordeal, the worshippers at the Golden Feet were ushered into a side room, the floor of which was covered with a gigantic rug or carpet woven in one piece. There they were forthwith requested to sit down.

Theeban has not become accustomed to European visitors, and has not yet fallen into the way of keeping them waiting for a few hours. Before reclining upon the couch, however, he took off his own shoes, a circumstance which the party took to be a compliment to them. His majesty had a hurried glance at them, and then asked their names, examining the floor six feet in front of him most searchingly. Having been duly informed, he expressed a hope that he had enjoyed their trip, and that his officers had been properly civil to them. A few other questions and answers passed, politics being carefully avoided, and then Theeban suddenly vanished. His majesty having granted a private interview, did not put on his court robes, the long surcoat and thrappe, or crown. He was dressed in simple Burmese fashion, with a yellow panty, or kilt-like waist-cloth, and a white linen jacket. Fixed into his 'young,' the top-not into which the hair is tied, was a magnificent spray of diamonds, and a sapphire ring worth a monarch's ransom gleamed on his finger. But otherwise the absence of all decorations—particularly of the Tsalway, the Burmese order of knighthood—was specially noticeable. In personal appearance, however, he has greatly fallen off. When he ascended to the throne October a year ago, he was very handsome; the handsomest Burman in the country it used to be said, with a bright black eye and smooth olive skin. Now his face is puffed out and bloated, his eyes sunken and dead, his whole appearance unwholesome and repulsive. He seldom looks up, and when he does it is only to give a side-long glance, and then drops his eyes again. Altogether of a young fellow of twenty-one he is the most satisfactory specimen of a 'frigid satirist' for temperance lecturers that I have known of. Nevertheless he does not appear to have lost his cunning.

**Italy's Big Ship.**

The monster iron-clad Daillo has just been put in commission. She represents 22,000,000 francs, and the Italian navy awaits the experiment of her performances for its definite systematization. She is now at Spezia. Her displacement is eleven thousand five hundred tons; nominal horse-power, seven thousand five hundred. All heavy work aboard, as steering, regulating ventilators, removal of cinders, weighing anchor, is done by steam. There are thirty-three special engines. She carries four hundred-ton guns worked by special, and, in part, newly-invented machinery; also, twelve smaller guns and four mizzenmasts. A broadside of her four great guns throws eight thousand pounds weight of metal, consumes two thousand pounds of powder, and, comprising projectiles, costs 4,000 francs. At each broadside a force is developed sufficient to raise forty-eight thousand tons to the height of one metre. She is expected to attain a speed of twelve and a-half knots, and doing so will consume fifteen thousand pounds of coal an hour. She carries a Thorneycroft torpedo-boat, twenty-two metres long, which has attained a speed of twenty-one knots. She starts on her trial trips immediately.

Prof. Blackie, of Edinburgh, lately, in a short address in connection with a bazaar that had been held for the purpose of aiding the students of the University to clear off a debt upon their Club, expressed very pitifully his opinion of this means of raising money: "It was a proper thing to spoil the Egyptians on all occasions. No greater good could be done to the public than that of taking money out of the pockets of the people for a laudable object."

"It is the condition of our future success to secure general education. With education universal there need be no apprehension of danger to our country in the future. Without education I should despair of the future of the republic."—U. S. Grant.

The gatekeeper of a Western toll bridge was discharged recently because he always allowed his sweetheart to pass free. He never told his love.—Hartford Times.

**The Modern Doctrine of "Equality."**

Inequality appears to be the divine order; it always has existed; undoubtedly it will continue; all our theories and *a priori* speculations will not change the nature of things. Even inequality of condition is the basis of progress, the incentive to exertion. Fortunately, if to-day we could make every man white, every woman as like man as nature permits, give to every human being the same opportunity of education, and divide equally among all the accumulated wealth of the world, to-morrow differences, unequal possession, and differentiation would begin again. We are attempting the regeneration of society with a misleading phrase; we are wasting our time with a theory that does not fit the facts.

There is an equality, but it is not of outward show; it is independent of condition; it does not destroy property, nor ignore the difference of sex, nor obliterate race traits. It is the equality of men before God, of men before the law; it is the equal honor of all honorable labor. No more pernicious notion ever obtained lodgment in society than the common one that to 'rise the world' is necessary to change the 'condition.' Let there be content with condition; discontent with individual ignorance and imperfection. 'We want,' says Emerson, 'not a farmer, but a man on a farm.' What a mischievous idea, is that which has grown, even in the United States, that manual labor is discreditable! There is surely some defect in the theory of equality in our society, which makes domestic service to be shunned as if it were a disgrace.

It would be considered a humorous suggestion to advocate inequality as a theory or as a working dogma. Let us recognize it, however, as a fact, and shape the efforts for the improvement of the race in accordance with it, encouraging it in some directions, restraining it from justice in others. Working by this recognition, we shall save the race from many failures and disappointments, and spare the world the spectacle of republics ending in despotism, and experiments in government ending in anarchy.

**Sanctified Sensationalism.**

God can use a sanctified sensationalism. Men must be made to hear, if they were to believe; they must have a preacher whom they could not help hearing. There was no time to lose.—Therefore the age must be startled into listening. Better his gift of prophesying than all the apocalyptic prophecy of the later John. Never was man more fitted to his place than was this man of the heavenly King to a slumbering world. His appearance, his manner of life, his way of putting things—everything about him was calculated to make him the hero and the sensation of the hour. A Nazirite with shaggy and unshorn locks, a hermit of the wilderness, whose diet was the locust and honey of the roots and woods, and whose dress was a rough camel robe fastened about his waist by a leathern belt, plain of speech even to rudeness, yet irresistibly attractive by his eloquence, preaching in no synagogue or city streets but under the open sky and by the river bank—who can wonder that the whole population of Palestine flocked to his great camp meeting and were on the tiptoe of expectancy for the coming Christ. God has sanctified to Himself just such eccentric and magnetic personalities in every age of His church to perform for Him an exceptional work. We need not enumerate these lights, not less 'bright and shining' because many colored and even meteoric. God can call them now, and will when He wants them—only let no one assume the office without the calling if he would not be a motley fool. The King of Heaven needs no jester.—Let no preacher dare to be a sensationalist unless he be formed so in his mother's womb, and utter his native woodnotes wild from the depths of a crucified and consecrated heart. Let no one aspire to do John's work in John's way unless he be a John in niter self-forgetfulness and self-surrender.

**Sad Death of an Ex-President's Niece.**

Ten years ago Miss Jennie Tyler, the grandniece of ex-President Tyler, was one of the belles of Washington, and her death is now announced in a hotel at Brooklyn, with a prospect of her remains being interred at the public expense. She was the daughter of Wm. W. Tyler, and was born in Richmond, Va., in 1848, and lived with her father on his plantation until the opening of the war. Her father was on General Lee's staff, and was reduced to poverty by the results of the war. Jennie, however, was attractive in person, well educated and inherited a fortune through a California relative, and became a favorite in Washington society. In 1872 she lived in Brooklyn, and was enticed into a secret marriage with a man she met at the fashionable boarding house. He secured possession of her fortune, when it was discovered that he had another wife in Buffalo. A suit for the recovery of the money failed because she had nothing left to prosecute the scoundrel, and, being estranged from her family, could obtain no help. In 1875 she was married to Wm. Collins, a laboring man under the Brooklyn Gas Company. Until a year ago her married life was comparatively happy, but her husband lost his employment, and poverty and consumption ended her unhappy career.

**A New Use For Petroleum.**

An exhibition trial of a patent hydrocarbon gas generator for metallurgy and steam heating was made in Baltimore recently. Mr. Alfred E. Watkins, of Baltimore, patented the experiments. Petroleum is burned as fuel, and is to be used in the manufacture of iron, steam heating and all purposes for which coal is now employed. The machine required no artificial heat in starting. A match was applied to an intense heat was obtained that roasted hard ores and melted iron.

A shocking story is told of one of the young ladies at the Oxford College for "higher education of women." Being remonstrated with on the score of her idleness her answer was that she came up to the University "to see life." This is possibly wider but hardly higher education.—London World.

**Educational Literature.**

Educational journalism is yet in its infancy. It is true, that many of our leading periodicals have instituted what was denominated the 'Educational Department,' but I am sorry to say, in most instances, these departments soon died a natural death—either failing through a dearth of material, or lack of appreciation. To give it success and rank among other forms of journalistic work, it depends upon the financial as well as literary support of the members of the profession.

When I consider how few, comparatively, of our teachers and school officers are subscribers and readers of educational papers and literature, the lamentable conviction forces itself upon me, that we do not properly appreciate the dignity of our profession and the magnitude of our responsibilities.

The time is at hand when we must, for self-protection, as well as self-improvement, take a new departure. There is scarcely a home in the land where the religious, political and secular paper does not find its way. Educators should regard it as unwarrantable to be without professional literature; and all of us should render our aid of purse and pen in the support of an enterprise, which needs only support to make it a power in the land for good.

What would you think of a lawyer who would not study his profession; or a physician ignorant of the common diseases and their treatment? Do you believe an intelligent man can be a pure Christian without a knowledge of God's Word and its requirements? If not, that and not till then, may you believe then, you can be a true teacher without a knowledge and a science of the art. The one is just as impossible as the other. Every true teacher will endeavor to make the labor of each successive year more efficient by self-improvement, and a more thorough acquaintance with his profession. There is no cheaper way to accomplish this than to be a zealous reader of our best educational journals, which bring us into alliance with our fellow-workers, and give us the benefit of their skill and experience. It will lift us above the discouragements of our daily toil, and remove from us the sense of isolation and weakness which so often causes us to yield to despair.

I close with a brief summary.

1. It furnishes good, solid reading.
2. It enables us to keep fully abreast with the profession. Hence a necessity.
3. It deals with subjects bearing on our work.
4. It informs us what others are doing; their modes of dealing with different subjects; their system, and the comparative merits of our own.
5. It begets an interest in our work, and stimulates us to nobler exertion.

I might assign many other reasons why we should be readers of professional literature, but will close by saying: Let us endeavor to make a new era in the progress of our own and sister States, by rising to meet this pressing demand for a professional literature; which will secure a more enlightened and a more intelligent citizenship.—Wm. B. Fambrough, in S. Ed. Monthly.

**Bread Making in Spain.**

The bread in the south of Spain is delicious; it is white as snow, close as cake and yet very light, the flour is most admirable, for the wheat is good and pure, and the bread well kneaded. The way they make this bread is as follows: From large, round paniers filled with wheat, they take out a handful at a time, sorting it most carefully and expeditiously, and throwing every defective grain into another basket. This done, the wheat is ground between two circular stones, as it was ground in Egypt two thousand years ago, the requisite rotary motion being given by a blindfold mule, which paces round and round with untiring patience, a bell being attached to his neck, which, as long as he is in movement, tinkles on; and when he stops he is urged to his duty by the shout of 'arra mulla' from some one within hearing. When ground, the wheat is sifted through three sieves, the last of these being so fine that only the pure flour can pass through it; this is of a pale apricot color. The bread is made in the evening. It is mixed with only sufficient water, with a little salt in it; to make into dough; a very small quantity of yeast or fermenting mixture is added. The Scriptures say: 'A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump;' but to avoid the trouble of kneading, many put as much yeast as is in one batch of household bread as in Spain would last them a week for the six or eight donkey loads of bread they send every day from their oven. The dough made, it is put in sacks and carried on the donkey's backs to the oven in the centre of the village, so as to bake it immediately it is kneaded. On arriving there the dough is divided into portions weighing three pounds each. Two long, narrow, wooden tables on trestles are then placed down the room, and a curious sight may be seen.—About twenty men, bakers, come in and range themselves on one side of the table. A lump of dough is handed to the nearest, which he begins kneading and knocking about with all his might for about three or four minutes, and then passes it on to his neighbor, who does the same, and so on successively until all have kneaded it, when it becomes as soft as new putty and ready for the oven. Of course as soon as the first baker has handed the first lump to his neighbor another is given to him, and so on until the whole quantity of dough is kneaded by them all. The baker's wives and daughters shape the loaves for the oven, and some of them are very small. They are baked immediately. The ovens are very large, and are not heated by fires under them, but a quantity of twigs and the herbs of sweet majoram and thyme, which cover the hills in great profusion, are put in the oven and ignited. They heat the oven to an extent required, and as the bread gets baked the oven gets gradually colder, so the bread is never burned. They knead the bread in Spain with such force that the palm of the hand and the second joints of the fingers of the bakers are covered with corns, and it so effects the chest that they can not work more than two hours at a time.

The Auditor of the treasury department finds that T. Ambrose, ex-clerk of the United States court at Cincinnati, has absorbed beyond his legal costs and fees, since 1861, about \$65,000.

**BREVITIES.**

A dear little thing—The diamond.  
It is only the female sex who can rip, darn and tear without being considered profane.

For cats in the back-yard the Philadelphia Bulletin says that a shotgun is better than a rifle. It scatters more.

How soon popular songs become old. Even now 'My Grandfather's Clock' may be classed among the old time pieces.

A bashful printer refused a situation in a printing office where females were employed, saying he never set up with girls in his life.

Nothing is lost by being polite. A Virginia paper speaks well of the last murderer turned off because he 'bowed like a perfect gentleman to the sheriff.'

'Hello!' said a man to a friend whom he saw running wildly down the street—'Hello! are you training for a race?' 'No,' shouted back the flying man; 'I'm racing for a train.'

Full many a rose is born to blush unseen, and waste its fragrance on the desert air; full many a nip is taken behind the screen, and clothes and coffee, too, are eaten there.

I hold that no code of morals, be it never so industriously taught, will operate so beneficially upon the minds of children as the constant practice toward them of little courtesies.

'How is your wife, Mr. Smith?' Says Smith, pointing to where his wife sat, in the next room, at work upon his coat: 'She's sew-sew.' Mr. Jones: 'Oh, I see; she is mending, sure enough.'

Julia asks, 'Will you please tell me what Mrs. Hayes wore at her New Year's reception?' 'Yes, we'll tell you. She wore clothes. If you had a bet, Julia, that she didn't you have lost.'

'I say, ma,' exclaimed a little minx of thirteen, 'do you know what the pyrotechnical remedy is for a crying infant?' 'Gracious goodness me! No, I never heard of such a thing.' 'Well, ma, it's rocket.'

During the riots in London in 1780, many persons, in order to save their houses, wrote on their doors 'No Property.' Grimaldi, the clown, to prevent all mistakes, wrote on his 'No religion.'

A little Waterloo Sunday School scholar was asked by her teacher, 'What must people do in order to go to heaven?' 'Die, I suppose,' replied the little one. The teacher did not question her any further.

A hardy seaman, who had escaped one of the recent shipwrecks upon our coast, was asked by a good lady how he felt when the waves rolled over him. He replied: 'Wet, ma'am; very wet.'

An editor in Iowa has been fined \$250 for hugging a girl in meeting. 'Cheap enough,' says another of the fraternity—'we once hugged a girl in meeting, and it has cost us a thousand dollars a year ever since.'

This is a good time for charitable feelings; and we hereby forgive all our enemies. We hope they will stay forgiven; but we warn them that they will have to behave themselves mighty sharp.

Said one of society's smart ornaments to a lady friend: 'This is leap year, and I suppose you'll be asking some one to marry you?' 'Oh, no,' was the reply, 'my finances won't permit me to support a husband.'

Gentlemen I have taken \$25,000, and I want to make a clean breast of it,' was the astonishing but entirely voluntary statement made by Mr. Seth A. Terry, the secretary of the Territorial building association, in Washington to a frightened stockholder of an inquiring turn of mind.

A college professor once tried to convince Horace Greeley of the value of classic languages. The professor said: 'These languages are the conduits of the literary treasures of antiquity.' Mr. Greeley replied: 'I like Croton water very well, but it doesn't follow that I should eat a yard or two of lead pipe.'

Your handwriting is very bad indeed, said a gentleman to a friend more addicted to boating than to study; 'you really ought to learn to write better.' 'Aye, aye!' replied the young man; 'it is all very well for you to tell me that, but if I were to write better, people would find out how I could spell.'

Matrimony is sometimes terribly un-canny. A Scotch girl appeared at the house of a clergyman on several occasions with a man who was intoxicated. The clergyman, out of patience, asked her why she brought the man in that condition. 'If you please, sir,' was the naive reply, 'it's because he won't come when he's sober.'

Nothing makes a woman more esteemed by the opposite sex than chastity, whether it be that we always prize those most who are hardest to come at, or that nothing besides chastity, with its collateral attendants—truth, fidelity and constancy—gives the man a property in the person he loves, and consequently endears her to him above all things.

The roaming correspondent of the Burlington (Iowa) Hawk Eye tells a pleasing story of a self-sacrificing traveler who devoted his energies to the work of devouring everything upon a certain railway station dining-counter, and having at length accomplished the feat, walked away, saying: 'There! The next fellow that comes along here will get something fresh!'

In a Norwich, Ct., school, according to the Bulletin, the teacher wrote the word 'sport' upon the blackboard, and called for its definition, and there proved to be one juvenile mind that could separate the word from the idea of fun or playfulness. 'That one, a little girl of less than seven summers, astonished the teacher by saying: 'Sport—a man what wears his hat on one side.'

'If you was a decent person,' remarked a shrill female voice on the railway, 'you would shut down that window and not expose me to the draft.' 'Madam,' was the reply as the window was softly lowered, 'I thought for a moment that you were over forty-five, and therefore out of the draft.' And notwithstanding the fact that this wretch was on the train, she did not run off the track or the locomotive burst its boiler.



### A Mystical Vision.

From the Icelandic of Jochumsson.

En spirit I stood on a sky-reaching mount  
Where I gazed, eagle-eyed, into space;  
And my soul was as pure as a crystalline fount,  
And I reeled not of time nor of place.

Methought I had come through a valley of fear  
Where the vulture's demoniac shriek  
Was echoed by ghoul voices ghastly and drear,  
Till I stood on this lone mountain peak.

Methought I had won in humanity's strife,  
And in triumph had passed through death's door—  
That my soul was all freed from the perils of life,  
And my heart was to tremble no more.

Around me was spread the ethereal blue  
And I bethought in the sun's brightest beam;  
From far planet to planet my swift fancies flew,  
And I dwelt in the splendor of dreams.

Then my soul felt the kiss of heavenly rest,  
And in balance harmonies swung,  
While divinely accordant the songs of the blest  
By the voices of angels were sung.

And the words of God's book I could read in  
The sky,  
Set in starry writ letters of gold;  
And the day-star I heard sing the anthem on high,  
Which it sang over Bethlehem's fold.

### Hearing Without Ears.

Not long ago, I went, with some very excellent and humane people, to witness the wonderful scene of a number of deaf persons from the Deaf and Dumb Institute, who were made to hear through their teeth. They had all been deaf, some from birth and some from infancy. There were four pretty pleasant-looking girls, and six or eight bright boys. One of the boys had lost both arms, but the poor fellow had been taught the sign-language by his loving patient teacher, and could show that he understood it by waving and lifting his poor stump of arms.

As soon as we were all seated, a fine-looking gentleman got up and said:

"I have been deaf for twenty years. I have tried all manner of speaking trumpets, which did me very little good, and I had made up my mind that, for the rest of my life, I must never hear my children's voices, never listen to the sound of sweet music, but just lead a sad, silent life. One day, I was talking to a friend with my watch in my hand, and carelessly placed it against my teeth. To my astonishment, I plainly heard the ticking when placed at my ear. I began to make experiments. I held a piece of bent metal to my teeth. I tried a tuning fork. I remembered that beethoven, the great composer, who became very deaf, held a metallic rod between his teeth, the other end resting on the sounding-board of his piano, and by this means he was able to hear the perfect music which his brain had produced. I tested various ways of hearing through the teeth, and now after many trials, I have perfected this," and he held up what looked exactly like a fan. "This," he continued, "is the audiophone. It is made of flexible, polished, carbonized rubber. Fine silk cords attached to the upper edge, bend it over and are fastened by a wedge in the handle. The tension is adjusted to suit the sound, as an opera-glass is adjusted to suit the distance. The top edge of the fan rests upon the upper teeth, and the sound-waves strike its surface; the vibrations are conveyed by the teeth and the bones of the face to the acoustic nerve communicating with the brain."

It was impossible to believe, but the gentleman called up one of the deaf mutes, and standing just in front of him, gave a tremendous shout, which made us fairly bounce on our chairs, but the boy did not start, nor move so much as an eye-lash, which showed very plainly that he had heard nothing. Then Mr. Rhodes, for this is the name of the inventor of the audiophone, arranged the tension, and placed one in the boy's hand, adjusting it to his teeth. Then, "A, B, C," said Mr. Rhodes, in an ordinary tone. At the sound the boy started, his face flushed, and he raised his hand with a quick surprised motion. He heard for the first time in his life! He did not know what the sound meant, because to a deaf person English speech might as well be Greek—a deaf person's mind is a perfect blank as to the meanings of sound, though he may be able to talk fast enough on his fingers. Then Mr. Rhodes went behind the boy and said: "A, B, C," a little louder, and his teacher made the signs of the letters, at the same time, the boy gave a skip of delight, making the letters also.

Then a lady played on the piano, and the boy heard music for the first time! His hand moved up and down with a rhythmic motion, as if keeping time to pleasant sounds.

Then another boy was called, and the same experiments were tried, the first looking eagerly on, and talking as fast as his fingers would go, to the rest of the class. The second boy said in the sign language, that he could hear "very loud sounds." Mr. Rhodes shouted at him enough to nearly crack his skull, but he showed no sign of hearing, so his "very loud" must have been like a broadside of cannons.

But with the audiophone to his teeth he heard everything. All the boys were tried in turn, with nearly the same success, even to the poor fellow without arms. The audiophone was held to his teeth, and such a flood of happiness came over his face, and poured out of his eyes, that my own eyes were blinded with tears. The rich tones of a parlor organ, which a gentleman present played upon, seemed almost to translate him from earth to heaven. It was not music to him; it was a sweet melodious sound, the revelation of a sense which gave him a new and intense happiness.

And now for the girls, a pretty little thing, was called to the table. The audiophone was placed to her teeth, and Mr. Rhodes made a sound. I hope you understand that it was of no use for him to ask questions, because a deaf person has to begin like a baby to understand the meaning of sound; the deaf must be educated up to what an articulate sound is to tell them. It would be with them like teaching a baby to talk.

### Lives Ruined by Obstnacy.

It was just seven years ago that an extraordinary scene occurred at Danbury. It was in the evening, and a couple were bringing in several pots of plants from the yard to save them from the frost which the temperature of outdoors threatened. While thus engaged she spoke, referring to a geranium she had in her hand:

"I wouldn't lose this one for a great deal, as mother gave it to me."

He looked at it.

"Your mother gave it to you? Guess not: I bought that plant myself."

"Why, it's no such thing."

"I tell you I did," he added, speaking with warmth.

"And I tell you you didn't," she asserted. "Do you suppose I don't know what was given to me?"

"Don't you suppose I don't know what I bought with my own money?"

"If you say you bought that geranium," she said, speaking very slowly and with white lips, "you say what you know to be false."

"Do you mean to say that I lie?" he hissed.

"If you say that, I do."

"You shall be sorry for this," he threatened.

"Never," she retorted.

He put on his hat and coat and left the house.

That was seven years ago. She never saw him again or heard from him in all that seven years. What must have been the thoughts, the agony of mind endured by that wretched wife in that time no one on earth knows.

Recently her door opened and a man walked into her presence. There was a look, a cry, and she was in the arms of her husband. What a happy home was that. All the agony of seven long years was forgotten in that hour of reconciliation and reunion. A happy supper was spread, and with tears and smiles she hovered about him, ministering to his every want. After supper there was a long talk of the past.

"It is so singular," she said, speaking in one of her pauses, "that it should have happened as it did. I can scarcely comprehend it all. It seems like an awful dream. We both lost our tempers, and we both have suffered for it. The miserable geranium? Do you know I can't bear to see one of those plants? I told mother to come and take it back, for I would not have it in sight."

"What!" he ejaculated, "do you still persist in saying that she gave it to you?"

"Why, John, of course she did. Haven't you got her that idea yet?"

"No, I haven't," he persisted, "his face as sure as I am a living man."

She thought of his years of cruel desertion, of all he had caused her to suffer because of his obstnacy, and her heart hardened, and her face flushed.

"You are mean to say that, when you know it is false."

"It isn't false. It's heaven's truth."

"It's no such thing; it's a mean, contemptible lie."

He jumped up from the chair, seized his hat and coat and shot out of the house like a flash, and she never uttered a word in protest. She sat there with clenched hands and white face, and let him go.

And so he is gone. And to-day she is alone with the old burden and the old pain.

### Why Gold Changes Color.

It is well known that the human body contains humors and acids, similar in action to, and having a like tendency towards, baser metals, as nitric and sulphuric acids have, namely, to tarnish or dissolve them, varying in quantity to different persons; of this theory we have abundant proof in the effects which the wearing of jewelry produces on different persons. Thousands wear continually, without any ill effect, the cheaper class of jewelry with brass ear wires, while if others wore the same article for a few days they would be troubled with sore ears, or, in other words, the acids contained in the system would so act on the brass as to produce ill results. Instances have occurred in which articles of jewelry of any grade below eighteen carats have been tarnished in a few days, merely from the above named cause. True, these instances are not very frequent; nevertheless it is as well to know them; every case is not the fault of the goods not wearing well—as it is generally called—but the result of the particular constitution by which they are worn.

### Using their Privileges.

The abuses of the franking system in England at last were so great that we find a witness employed by the post-office giving evidence before a parliamentary committee that among other ridiculous articles which had been sent through the postoffice free, were: "Fifteen couple of hounds to the King of the Romans," "two maid servants, going out as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen," "Dr. O'Riordan, carrying out with him a cow and divers other necessities," "a box of medicine for my Lord Galway, in Portugal," "a deal case with ditches of bacon for Mrs. Pennington of Rotterdam," and "two bales of stockings for the ambassador to the court of Portugal." These, however, were all government franks; but at that early period no limit was put to the size or weight of parliamentary franks, there is no reason for doubting the assertion that live deer, haunches of venison, pianos, &c., had been sent free through the post by members of both houses.

### Cost of Wealth.

Wealth is an expensive thing. It costs all its worth. If you want to be worth a million dollars, it will cost you just a million dollars to get it. Broken friendship, intellectual starvation, loss of social enjoyment, deprivation of generous impulses, the smothering of manly aspirations, a limited home because you fear a lovely wife and beautiful home would be expensive, a hatred of the heathen, a dread of the contribution box, a haunting fear of the woman's aid society, a fretful dislike for poor people because they won't keep their misery out of your sight, a little sham benevolence that is worse than none; oh, you can be rich young man, if you are willing to pay the price.

### A Temperance 'Fonst' at Sea.

The following graceful tribute to 'woman' was delivered impromptu by Captain R. Kelso Carter, of Baltimore, on board the steamer Indiana, from Philadelphia to Liverpool, at the close of a debate on 'Woman's Emancipation.'

Much has been said upon the subject of 'Woman's Emancipation,' but, after all, is she not emancipated already?

The hand that rocks the cradle always sways the sceptre in fact if not in name.

When the Spartan mothers trained their sons to steel, encouraged them in every sort of warlike pastime, and said to them, 'Come not back from the battle except you come upon your shield,' the nation became a nation of warriors, and the rod of empire was held by a military power that shook the world beneath its tread.

But when the Christian mother of to-day teaches her boy to be kind, to be gentle and courteous, to be considerate of the feeling of others, restrains in him the natural uprising of the *lex talionis*, and inculcates the grand principle of doing unto others as you would have them do unto you, then, and not till then, we find men governing with some regard at least to the tenets of humanity and justice; then, and not till then, we find liberality, toleration and liberty.

I would like to propose a toast to-night, although a total abstinence man myself—a toast to women. To be drunk not in liquor of any kind, for we should never pledge a woman in that which brings her husband reeling home to abuse where he should love and cherish, sends her sons to a drunkard's grave, and her daughters to a life of shame.

'Oh, no! not in that, but rather in the life-giving water, pure as her chastity, clear as her intuitions, bright as her smile, sparkling as her laughter of her eyes, cheering as her consolation, strong and sustaining as her love—in the crystal water I would drink to her that she may remain queen regnant in the empire she has already won, grounded deep as the universe in love, built up and exercised in the home and hearts of the world; I would drink to her the full blown flower of creation's morning, of which man was but the bud and blossom, to her who in childhood clasps our little hands and teaches us to kiss the first sweet prayer to the Great All-Father, who comes to us in youth with good counsel and advice, who in manhood meets our heart yearnings with the full faithfulness of conjugal love, and whose hand when we feel the rough pillow of the shadow smooths the rough pillow of death as none other can; to her who is the flower of flowers, the pearl of pearls, God's last, best and brightest gift to man—woman, peerless, pure, sweet, royal woman.

### Stephens' First Display of Spirit.

The writer of a recent article on the life and character of Alexander Stephens, the former vice-president of the Confederacy, and now member of the House, gives this incident as evincing the cool courage of the gentleman, even in boyhood:

Despite the feeling of loneliness and melancholy which early took possession of him, however, young Stephens, even in his teens, developed a spirit, courage, and daring which was not all in keeping with his frail and sickly stature.

After his father's death he went to school with an uncle, and was placed in a school presided over by an Irish exile named O'Avanagh.

One day, during his first week under this new master, he was asked to spell 'Arabia,' the school-master, with his raw brogue and broad, old-fashioned way of sounding the vowel 'a,' pronouncing the word 'Ah-ra-ya.'

Young Alexander, though noted as an exceedingly good speller, could not for the life of him make out what word or name the school-master was trying to pronounce, and said quietly:

"I can't spell it, sir."

To this O'Avanagh, in a passion, replied, "You confounded young rascal, don't tell me you can't spell it. Bad luck to you, spell Ah-rab-yah!"

No man had ever spoken to the boy in such tones before, and at once, white with anger and mortification, shaking his puny fist with rage, the boy jumped to his feet, and through his clenched teeth hissed out:

"Mr. O'Avanagh, I can spell every word in this lesson if it is pronounced as I pronounce it, but I thought it better to tell you that I could not spell the word as you gave it than to say I did not know it. It was bad enough for me to miss the word because of your queer pronunciation of it; but you shall not speak to me again in the way you have just done!"

At once the school was in an uproar, and many of the larger boys, taught by experience, expected to see Alexander whipped within an inch of his life. But O'Avanagh seemed intuitively to know the spirit with which he had to deal, and turning away from the angry boy, he dismissed the class, and the scene ended.

Regarding this incident in his life, Mr. Stephens, in a recent private letter to Mr. Richard Malcom Johnson, one of his next friends, says: "This was an epoch in my young career. It was the first time I had ever faced a man as his equal. From that time my character was set."

### Dr. Holmes on the Press.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes reads the newspapers religiously. He said years ago: "We must have something to eat and papers to read. Everything else we can give up. If we are rich, we can lay down in our carriages, stay away from Newport or Saratoga, and adjourn the trip to Europe *sine die*. If we live in a small way, there are at least new dresses and bonnets and everyday luxuries that we can dispense with. Only bread and the newspaper we must have, whatever else we do without. The time may come when even the cheap public print shall be a burden on our means, not support, and we can only listen in the square, that was once the marketplace, to the voices of those who proclaim defeat or victory (this was written during the war). Then there will be only our daily food left. When we have nothing to read and nothing to eat, it will be a favorable moment to offer a compromise. At the present we have all that nature absolutely demands—we can live on bread and the newspaper."

Another attempt has been made on the life of Oscar, a mine having been exploded under the dining-room of the Winter Palace. Five soldiers were killed and thirty-five wounded.

### A Detroitter Interviewed.

A Detroitter who was out in the country the other day to look after some poultry got stuck in a mud-hole, although having a light buggy and a strong horse. He got out took a rail off a fence and was trying to pry the vehicle out when along came a strapping young woman, about twenty-six years of age. She halted surveyed, the situation and said:

"You stand by the horse while I heave on the rail, and don't be afraid of getting mud on your hands and boots."

Their united efforts released the vehicle and the Detroitter returned thanks and asked her to get in and ride. She hesitated, looked up and down the road and finally said:

"Stranger! I'm blunt spoken. Who are you?"

He gave his name and residence, and she continued:

"I'm over twenty-five, worth \$500 in cash, know all about house-work and this is leapyear."

"Yes, I know, but for heaven's sake don't ask me to marry you!" he replied as he saw the drift.

"See here," she continued, looking him square in the eye, "I'm a straight girl, wear a No. 7 shoe and I like the looks of you."

"Yes, but don't—talk that way to me!"

"Stranger! it's leapyear and I am going to pop! Will you have me or not?"

"I'm already married!" he faltered.

"Honest Injun?"

"Yes."

"Well, that settles me and I won't ride. I'll take a cut across the field to old Spooner's. He's got four sons and a fool nephew, and I'll begin on the old man and pop the crowd clear down to the idiot, for I've slumized around this world just as long as I am going to! Good bye, sir—no harm done."

### Ladies as Stock Speculators.

A private stock exchange exclusively for the use of ladies has been opened in New York. Circulars were sent out addressed to prominent ladies, many of them the wives of gentlemen whose names are familiar in finance and in the professions, and set forth that the exchange was "under the immediate management of a lady of standing, who has had a long and successful experience in stock speculations," and did business in Wall street "through a widely-known house of bankers and brokers of large capital and unquestionable solidity."

"Many a woman," said a gentleman, speaking of the document, "may be led to pledge her diamonds or to compromise her settlements or her husband's financial standing, with the vague promise of a fortune thus held out to her."

Mrs. Favor states that she merely issued a business circular, not differing materially from those usually issued by such establishments to parties likely to become their patrons. The Exchange, she said, was opened a few weeks ago at the urgent solicitation of ladies of large and independent means, who had speculated in Wall street for years, and had often met with losses because their facilities for information were not equal to those of men. She, Mrs. Favor, was simply the salaried manager of the concern, and had no share in its profits or responsibility for its expenditures.

Ladies of the highest standing—married and unmarried—some with fortunes in their own right, and others the wives of prominent lawyers, doctors and even bankers—dropped in during business hours, and gave orders to buy or sell according to the state of the market.

### Home Life a Hundred Years Ago.

One hundred years ago not a pound of coal or a cubic foot of illuminating gas had been burned in the country. No iron stoves were used and no contrivance for economizing heat were employed until Dr. Franklin invented the iron framed fireplace which still bears his name. All the cooking and warming, in town as well as in the country, were done by the aid of a fire kindled on the brick hearth or in the brick ovens. Pine knots or tallow candles furnished the light for the long winter nights, and sanded floors supplied the place of rugs and carpets. The water used for household purposes was drawn from deep wells with the creaking sweep. No form of pump was used in this country, so far as we can learn, until after the commencement of the present century.

There were no friction matches in those days, by the aid of which a fire could be easily kindled, and if the fire went out upon the hearth over night and the tinder was damp, so that the spark would not catch, the alternative remained of wading through the snow a mile or so to borrow a brand of a neighbor. Only one room in any house was warm, unless some member of the family was ill; in all the rest the temperature was at zero during many nights in winter. The men and women of a hundred years ago undressed and went to their beds in a temperature colder than that of our barns and woodsheds; and they never complained.

### The Education of the Senses.

It is a very good idea to develop as early and as perfectly as possible the portals of experience. But we must not be carried off by a single dominant thought. Education is many sided; the human being to be educated is exceedingly complex. Kindergartens have their sphere, but their advocates may as well spare themselves the trouble of proving too much. The study of natural objects can only supply a certain kind and a particular amount of training. Sensations are not knowledge after all, but only the gross material, through the medium of which the mind arrives at knowledge. Besides, a vast amount of our knowledge must be received on testimony very different from that of sensation, and it is just as well not to expect impossible results from a mere sharpening of the senses. Young teachers are liable to be carried off bodily on this hobby, and to imagine that it will secure the most important part of education. Let us try to grasp its proper relation as a part of the whole, and avoid exalting it into a religion to which no Froebel ever can really elevate it. The principle of educational symmetry and proportion must not be violated, even by the advocates of an excellent improvement.

There's one leap year in every four, Breathe there a man who'd ask for more?

### The Moss Industry in Louisiana.

The Louisiana moss business is one of the important industries of New Orleans. In common with all Southern manufacturing interests, it has had its days of flush and its days of gloom in business. At present, however, the depression seems about over, and the trade is attaining its former respectable proportions.

The history of the manipulation of moss is very simple. It is gathered mostly by negroes, who devote a spare hour of the day to such work. After a tree is stripped it is allowed to rest for seven years, during which period of time the moss renews itself. Cypress moss is preferred, as it is the longest and most tenacious of all the varieties. After the moss is gathered it is placed on a sunny spot and left a month to the action of wind and weather. At the end of that time the grayish bark peels off, leaving the hair almost clean. Some of the moss requires no manipulation, while other assortments are, in weight, more than half dirt. After being thus dried the material is sold to the plantation storekeeper or to the cross-roads grocery man, and the gatherer receives from one to two cents a pound for it, according to its quality. The stuff is baled for manufacture.

The gatherers of late seem surprised at the falling off in the prices paid for moss. The reason is simple. The demand is not great, or rather has not been up to within the last two months, and the quality of the moss gathered has not been of a good grade. The gatherers seem to think that dusty and rotten moss should command three cents and be worth in the market four and a half cents, because it took as much time to gather it as it does to gather moss that commands such prices. If they would bring in a better article they would have no reason to complain of the smallness of the money paid.

After the moss reaches the factory it is subjected to the action of the washer, which is a large cylindrical arrangement with a wheel inside, which pulls the moss hither and thither and dashes it through a vat of boiling water and soap, until the stuff is cleaned. Then it is hung out upon racks to dry. This done it is put into the duster, a fan mill, which entirely removes all the dust that may have survived the washing process. As a result the moss comes into the factory yellow in color and goes out inky black. The article is then made up into bales, according to quality, and lettered with single, double, treble and quadruple X's. The highest grade, XXXX, can hardly be distinguished from the finest and choicest horse hair. The other grades are consumed mostly in Louisiana.

### Dickens' Fear of Americans.

A writer in *Harper's* gives the following account of the reason which led Charles Dickens to postpone his second visit to America so many years: Despite Chuzzlewit and the American Notes, the admiration of Dickens seemed never to flag in this country, and with characteristic ardor the feeling for his genius was extended to his personality. Of this, however, he was never aware, as is curiously shown by an interchange of notes between Mr. Dickens and Mr. Delane, the late editor of the London *Times*.

Mr. Jennings, who was the former editor of the New York *Times*, and who is now the London correspondent of the *World*, was professionally a pupil of Mr. Delane, and was trained upon the *Times*. Upon a visit to England in 1867 Mr. Jennings was told by Mr. Delane that Mr. Dickens declined to go to America to read because he feared that he might be 'tarred and feathered,' or receive some equally impressive mark of American disfavor. Mr. Jennings laughed, and replied that Mr. Dickens had a droll misconception of the nature of his American popularity; that no author was so universally known and quoted and liked; that even the *Notes and Chuzzlewit* were not excluded; and that he must be sure of a hearty welcome. A few days afterward he received a note from Mr. Delane, who said that the conversation about Dickens had resulted in the note he inclosed, which was a note from Dickens stating that what Mr. Jennings had said, as reported to him by Mr. Delane, had led him to decide to come to America, and he had telegraphed accordingly.

### A Descendant of Napoleon I. Still Alive.

A writer in *Lippincott* tracing the fortunes of the Bonaparte family since the downfall, says: Though the Duke of Reichstadt left no heirs, the blood of Napoleon Bonaparte is not extinct. Of his representatives in our generation, the best known was the late Count Walewski, born May 4th, 1810, of a Polish mother. The count was the first and last lover of Rachel Felix, perhaps the greatest actress of all times, who bore him a son, but whom the count's pride did not permit him to marry.

When he reached the highest of fortune under his cousin's rule, he married a very clever Italian, who was in high favor at the imperial court. She seems, moreover, to have been a sensible and generous woman, for she permitted her husband to recognize his son by Rachel, and to procure for him the title of count. The young man is—or was lately—in the French diplomatic service.

It is related of Thackeray that, being very desirous to see a "Bowery boy," he went with a friend into the haunts of that peculiar creature to look for one. Very soon his companion pointed out to him a genuine specimen standing on the corner of a street against a lamp post, red shirted, black trousers, soap-slicked, shiny hatted, with a cigar in mouth elevated at an angle of forty five degrees. After contemplating him for a few moments, Thackeray said to his friend that he would like to talk to the fellow, and asked if he might do so. "Surely," he was told; "go to him and ask him to direct you somewhere." Thereupon the stranger approached, and said politely, "My friend, I should like to go" to such a place. "Well," replied the Bowery boy, in his peculiar tones, and without moving anything but his lips, as he looked up lazily at the tall gray-haired novelist—"Well, sonny, you can go, if you won't stay too long." Thackeray was satisfied.

Gentility is said to be eating meat with a silver fork, when the butcher is not paid.



## Quite a History.

"Where have you been, Lysander Pratt?"  
"In Greedy Land, Philander Spratt."  
"What did you go there to grow so fat?"  
"I built myself a little house  
In which I lived snug as a mouse."  
"Well, very, very good was that!"  
"Not wholly bad, Philander Spratt."  
"Now wherefore not, Lysander Pratt?"  
"A bear came raging from the wood,  
And tumbled down my cottage good."  
"Alas! how very bad was that!"  
"Not wholly bad, Philander Spratt."  
"Not bad? Why not, Lysander Pratt?"  
"I killed the bear, and of his skin  
I made a coat to wrap me in."  
"Well done! Now surely good was that."  
"Yet not so good, Philander Spratt."  
"Now why not good, Lysander Pratt?"  
"A wicked hound tore up my coat  
Until it was not worth a goat."  
"Ah, what an evil thing was that!"  
"Not wholly bad, Philander Spratt."  
"What good was there, Lysander Pratt?"  
"He caught for me a great wild boar,  
That made me sausages good store."  
"What luck! How very good was that!"  
"Good? Not all good, Philander Spratt."  
"Why not all good, Lysander Pratt?"  
"A cat stole in on velvet paw,  
And ate them all with greedy maw."  
"Now surely wholly bad was that!"  
"Not wholly bad, Philander Spratt."  
"Then tell me why, Lysander Pratt."  
"Of pussy's fur, with silken hair,  
I made of gloves a noble pair."  
"Trust you! No wonder you are fat!  
You found your good account in that."  
"As in all else, Lysander Pratt."  
"Yes, in the closet hang they now.  
Yet they are full of holes, I vow."  
"Gnawed by some thievish, long-tailed rat.  
And so, you see, Philander Spratt,  
Not wholly good was even that!"  
—Arie Bates, in St. Nicholas.

## FOR THE FARMER'S HOUSEHOLD.

### Household Hints.

The following is said to be an excellent furniture polish: One-third of spirits of wine, one-third of vinegar and one-third of sweet oil—rather more of the last. Shake the bottle daily for three weeks; it is then fit for use. Use every three or four months. For dining tables and sideboards use every week; it makes them beautifully bright.

The Medical Journal says: A "deodorizer" removes noxious gases and odors from organic matter in a state of decay or putrefaction, but does not arrest the decomposition. A "disinfectant" arrests and destroys infection, which exists in organic matter, but does not prevent future infection; while an "antiseptic" destroys every germ and source of decay and decomposition, so that putrefaction cannot afterward take place.

Keep some oatmeal on the washstand, and as often as the hands are washed, rub a little oatmeal over them; then rinse it off, and, when dry, put on a little bit of pomade, made as follows: Take three cents' worth of white wax, three ditto of spermaceti, three ditto of powdered camphor, and olive oil enough to make it the thickness of soap; put it in a gallipot, and let it stand in an oven to melt; mix it up, and when cold it will be found very good for the hands. Gloves, worn either in the day or night, will help to keep the hands white.

The American Agriculturist says: Ammonia, especially the stronger kinds, is dangerous, a few drops being enough to injure a person. When used for cleansing purposes it should be handled with great care, that the gas, which is given off freely in a warm room, be not breathed in large quantities and do injury to the delicate lining of the nose and mouth. Benzine is a liquid, in the handling of which much caution should be exercised. It is very volatile, and its vapor, as well as the liquid itself, is inflammable. When employed for removing grease or other stains from clothing, gloves, etc., it should never be used at night, nor at any other time near a fire. Ether is another dangerous liquid, and in other than the physician's hands it had best not be employed in the household. Alcohol must also be used with great care, especially at night.

TAFFEE CANDY.—To a cupful of brown sugar add a teaspoonful each of vinegar, water, and molasses, also a tablespoonful of melted butter; boil ten minutes and cool.

APPLE PUDDING.—One cup milk, one egg, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful soda, flour to make a batter. Pour this over quartered apples and steam two hours. Sweet sauce.

Mrs. COBURN'S RICE PUDDING.—A cupful of rice cooked a little, a cupful of sugar, a half cupful of butter, three points of milk, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, a little nutmeg; bake two hours.

ALMOND MILK.—I have found almond milk quite useful in cases of fever, and when very light nourishing drinks are wanted. Blanch two houses of sweet almonds, and to this add not more than two bitter almonds; bruise quite smooth in a mortar, adding from time to time a little orange-flower water; put the almond paste in a jug and pour on it a pint of cold water; let it stand in a cool place eight hours; then strain very carefully and sweeten with lump sugar.

CHILLERS.—Noticing that you give dates for your receipts—not that they are better for that, but only because some people think so—here is one for crullers, taken from an old manuscript receipt book, written in New York in 1788: "Take of buttermilk one-half of a cup, and two cupsful of Muscovado, a

piece of sweet butter as large as a walnut, a teaspoonful of salt, and a teaspoonful of ground cass (cinnamon) just as much wheat flour as will make a running dough; roll it even, not above a pie-thickness; cut in strips, which tie over in lover's knots; have a skillet with sweet home-made hog's fat, and when the fat is hissing hot fry your crullers. I tried this receipt with some hesitation, as there was no saleratus in it, and was surprised to find it made a light cruller.

### How to Keep Apples.

A correspondent writes that he has tested the methods suggested in agricultural papers of keeping apples the year round by wrapping them in paper for two successive years and finds it to be perfect success. The plan pursued was to take old newspapers, cut them into pieces of sufficient size and wrap each apple by itself and pack them away carefully in barrels or boxes so as to exclude the air. The variety selected was the Northern Spy, and last year, as late as the 14th of August, they were still fresh and crisp, and he had no doubt that they might have been kept much longer had not the temptation to eat them been so strong.

### Diseased Fowls.

Procure one pound of wood charcoal, pulverize it coarsely and mix with it half a pound of common table salt. To half a pint of this mixture add one quart of corn meal and bran, half and half. Mix well and feed to about six or seven fowls. Procure some hard coal screenings and place within reach. Feed occasionally a few oats. Always keep some old iron in the drinking water; give all the outdoor exercise you possibly can, even chase them round a little. Place plenty of straw for them to scratch among for exercise. Throw some small grain among this to encourage scratching. Above all give pure air and keep perfectly clean. A little kerosene—the commoner the better—is a fine preventive of disease and lice of all kinds. Smear this all along the perches; also under the straw in the laying boxes. This is a disinfectant and deodorizer also. On cold days be careful; on warm ones give them air.

### Shorts as a Fertilizer.

Sidney G. Brooks, president of the Natick Farmers' and Mechanics' Association, gives his experience in raising potatoes with shorts as a fertilizer. He says: Several farmers in the spring of 1878 used shorts as a fertilizer for corn, putting one pint in a hill, and met with good success. I thought I would try it for potatoes. I planted one-third of an acre upon which potatoes had been raised the previous year. The soil was good. I planted potatoes in a drill, applying as many shorts as I could hold in my hand, dropping about fifteen inches apart, covering it with soil with my foot. Upon it I dropped one piece of potato with two eyes. This fall I dug sixty-three bushels of good-sized, smooth potatoes, with very few small ones. I used six bags of shorts, costing \$2.50. I used no other fertilizer. I used the shorts dry, but think it would be better to wet them, since they are apt to blow away. Have had better success with shorts than with any other fertilizer the past season. How they will work another year remains to be seen, as this has been a remarkable season for the potato. The potatoes thus raised were very smooth, and were of a size much above the average in this vicinity.

### The Mackays in London.

Mrs. Mackay, wife of the famous California millionaire, is continually nibbling at leases of grand London houses, but the agents never succeed in hooking her. The latest bite was at Sir Dudley Majoribank's in Park lane. The price, \$500,000 for the remainder of a one hundred year lease, twenty of which have expired. It was not the money that kept my Lady Bonanza from "taking it over" (as they say in the "Banker's Daughter"), and my informant cannot tell me what the reason is. Some of the blue-blooded aristocracy of Hyde Park Corner, he thinks, might take a delight in snubbing the bonanzas. My Paris friends speak admiringly of them; but sometimes blood can find no other way of satisfying its insatiable thirst than by giving money the out direct. There is, however, plenty of good society which would open wide its portals to the Mackays. Look at the Frecks (builders I think there were), of Kensington. They have royalty on their visiting list. It was easily done—an enormous subscription to a big public scheme, in the success of which royalty was interested. Mrs. Mackay need not be afraid; her silver keys will open most of the doors she would care to enter in London.—London Letter.

### Oldest Paper in the World.

A Hong Kong journal furnishes some particulars concerning the Peking Gazette, the oldest periodical in the world. Its circulation is estimated at over 100,000. There are ten publishers in Canton, each of whom employs about ten distributors, so that there are 100 distributors in the city and suburbs alone. The Gazette is printed from movable types, and each publisher takes a certain number of copies. It is delivered every two days to subscribers, who are of two classes. The first retain the pamphlet and pay about twenty cents a month; the second pay about half that sum and return the Gazette to the distributor the next time he comes round. Together with it is delivered the local "official sheet," the matter of which is collected from the yamens daily. This is printed from wax blocks, which are then remelted and available for another day's issue.

## Cure for Typhoid Fever and Dropsy.

Mr. John R. Cox, a citizen of Baltimore, publishes the following communication in the Baltimore American of that city: Some time since a gentleman informed me he knew of several persons who had been cured of typhoid fever by the application of mashed raw onions to the feet. Two patients were so ill they were not expected to live over a few hours. Six large onions were pounded to pulp and applied to the feet of the first patient. He was relieved in a short time and got well. The second case was a few weeks later and the result equally satisfactory. The first opportunity I had I tried it upon a colored boy during one of my visits to the house of reformation for colored children. He was very ill with typhoid fever. I named the matter to Gen. Horn, who immediately ordered the application. In a few hours he got asleep, rested well, and recovered. The next opportunity was that of a son of a friend of mine in the treasury department of the custom house in our city. I called to see him on business, when he informed me his son was very ill. He said it was typhoid pneumonia. He had been delirious for a week or more, and required constant watching, for fear he might do himself harm. I advised him to try the onions. He did so and thus speaks of it: "Immediately on its application he began to improve, and continued until he finally recovered." Perhaps they might be as efficacious in other forms. The remedy is simple and safe, and a trial in any case can do no harm. They have cured dropsy. Mr. Ralph Brunt, a very respectable and reliable gentleman informed me that his wife had suffered for a long time with dropsy. She was swelled from her head to her feet. She was attended by several physicians, who finally said: "Mr. Brunt, we can do no more; your wife cannot live. We can give temporary relief by tapping her." His wife declined the operation, as it would but prolong her sufferings. At this time his attention was called to a paragraph in a newspaper, in which a gentleman made the statement that he had been cured of dropsy by eating onions. His physicians had told him that he could not live. One day he wanted to eat some raw onions and he did so. After eating them he felt better, and tried some more. He then made it a rule to eat six a day, and in a few weeks he was well. He felt it his duty to publish it for the benefit of others. Thus Mr. Brunt knew of it. He called the attention of his wife to it. She was willing to try it; did so, and at the end of one week discharged her nurse, attended to her household duties, and was so reduced in size that her friends could hardly recognize her at first sight. She lived for more than thirty years afterward, and died some two years since, over eighty years of age. If the foregoing prove the means of benefiting any one, the only regret I will feel will be the fact that I did not attend to the promptings of duty much sooner.

### Length of Mourning.

Visitors to this country, says a New York paper, are greatly surprised at the long period during which people wear mourning and remain in seclusion. The custom must be purely American, for it does not obtain elsewhere. In England a widow or widower may, with perfect propriety, divest themselves of mourning attire at the end of twelve months, although, in most cases, they retain it, in some degree, a while longer. Mourning is worn for parents for one year, but changed to lighter mourning after six months, and the same as regards the mourning of parents for children. Except in the case of widows and widowers, it is not deemed at all obligatory to abstain from society for more than six months, although in the case of parents who have lost children it would be unusual to go to large entertainments before the expiration of a year. Where a parent has died well stricken in years, and quite in ordinary course of nature, it would excite no remark were the children to go to quiet dinner parties after three months. A two years' mourning and seclusion would, in such case, be deemed affection. Mourning is here carried to such lengths that some people really pass a large part of their lives in weeping and seclusion, the death of a father, mother and sister or brother making an aggregate of five years. It is a question whether we are not carrying the thing too far. Life was surely not made to be spent in permanent seclusion on account of bereavement, more especially for those who, in the ordinary course of nature, must predecease us. Thousands of persons would gladly cut short their mourning but for the tyranny of fashion, which arbitrarily rules in this as in so much besides.

### A Gentleman.

An American strolled into an English commercial inn, such as is reserved for commercial travelers or "drummers" only. The parlors of such inns are patented to this nomadic class. The American found the parlor empty and sat down in it and ordered refreshments. In a few minutes a man entered, tipped his head, and said, curtly: "What line?" "Line?" inquired the American, "I don't understand you." The man stared at our friend an instant and exclaimed with countenance between resentment and awe: "I beg your pardon! But you are a gentleman?" "I hope I am," replied the American. "Here, here! landlord—landlord, I say, turn this person out! He's a gentleman!" The Chicago Journal says that because this is leap year it is no sign any one should jump their board bill.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

Sportsmen never object to banging hare.

Leadville is overrun with bankers—Faro.

Gracefully arched eyebrows, says the Boston Courier, are Beauty's triumphal arches.

Whom the gods would destroy they first fill full of confidence that it is not long.

It's an old saying that you can't fool time, yet the jeweler sells him.—Waterloo Observer.

Who can deny that piano dealers are square and upright in their dealings?—Yonkers Statesman.

This world without woman—lovely woman—would be like a blank sheet of paper—not even ruled.

Nature cannot stand everything.—New Orleans Picayune. True; Columbus had to help her make the egg stand.

He wished his manuscript returned, But failed in time to ask it. And felt indignant when he learned It had climbed the golden basket.

The man who protests too much is always exclaiming: "Now, buy my honor, or 'Pawn me honor,' as if such things were easy to do.

John—"The philosophy of a dog's running when a can is tied to his tail, instead of biting the string off, is not very clearly understood."

Doctors now say that boiled cow's milk is not good for babies, it is better raw. The doctors are right; a raw cow gives better milk than a boiled one.

A correspondent writes to say that nearly all the women he sees on the streets appear to be repenting in seal-skin saques and silk dresses.

A little fellow who was asked how John the Baptist was clothed answered: "In coarse garments of camel's hair eight locusts and wild honey."

Young man, if it is 11 o'clock and she goes to the piano and plays a few bars of "The Sweet By and By," you may consider the seance over the night.

The New York Herald has started a subscription list in behalf of Ireland, and heads the list with \$100,000. The Enterprise is ready and able, sir, to come down with another cypher. Yes, sir, we'll make it six! Keep the O (ball) rolling.—Gowanda Enterprise.

Somebody is always making trouble for mankind. Now an epicure says that oysters are not fit to be eaten until they are at least three years old, and we suppose we'll have to look into every oyster's mouth before we swallow him to see if he has arrived at the proper eatable age.—Middletown Transcript.

The mysteries of a baby's toilet were altogether new to a little four-year-old, and he carefully watched the bathing and dressing of his little cousin. When the little powder box was open and the fluffy brush was about to be used underneath the baby's chin, he exclaimed: "Oh, aunty, let me see you salt her."—New Haven Register.

### Story of a Dwarf's Treasure.

When Christina of Spain was in Rome, about twenty years ago, a dwarf named Giorgio Lelli was presented to her. He was full of wit and intelligence, and pleased the queen so much that she attached him to her service. Thanks to her liberality the dwarf was able to accumulate a small fortune, which he left when he died recently to two sisters married and living in Aquila. The heirs sent two persons to Paris to receive the gold pieces and bank bills which the ill-fated relative had left them, and these innocent countrymen on their return to Rome were fellow-travelers with three persons who became very friendly with them. The feigned travelers were going, they said, to Alexandria for business of the greatest importance, and were delighted to have found such agreeable companions. When the men of Aquila told them that they carried the heritage of \$10,000 in a small valise, one of them said they also had a large sum of money with them, and proposed putting it all together. The countrymen agreed to this novel arrangement, and one of the three travelers took charge of their united treasure until arriving at Turin. There the pretended friends left the train, giving the precious valise into the hands of the Aquilines, and promising soon to return. But they never did, and the deluded countrymen found on examining their valise that the treasure had been replaced by some lumps of lead. When they related their adventure to the police in Rome, it seemed so improbable that they themselves were held in custody until the truth of their story was proved and some trace of the real culprits discovered.

### A Wise Reform.

The habit of administering quinine in powerful doses, as an antidote to malarial miasms, was once dangerously common. Happily this practice has undergone a wide reform. Not only the public, but professional men have adopted, not wholly, of course, but largely, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a safe and reliable substitute for the pernicious alkaloid. The consequences of this change are most important. Now fever and ague sufferers are cured—formerly their complaints were only for the time relieved, or half cured—the remedy eventually failing to produce any appreciable effect, except the doses were increased. A course of the Bitters, persistently followed, breaks up the worst attacks and prevents their return. The evidence in favor of this sterling specific and household medicine is of no ambiguous character, but positive and satisfactory, and the sources whence it proceeds are very numerous.

NERVOUS SUFFERER.—A dose of Vegetine, taken just before going to bed, will ensure a comfortable night's rest to the nervous sufferer.

### Wanted.

Sherman & Co., Marshall Mich., want an agent in this country at once, at a salary of \$100 per month and expenses paid. For full particulars address as above.

## Spring Fashions.

Very dark colors continue stylish.

Spanish lace is the fancy of the moment.

Diminutive patterns in brocaded materials are among recent importations.

Mummy cloth, much improved, will be among the fashionable spring goods.

The most elegant dressing slippers are of black satin, lined with red silk and decorated with black velvet bows with gold or steel buckles.

Violet is a fashionable color this spring, and that in all its shades, from the color of an iris to the soft lines of the Parmese violet and the Persian lilac.

The long overdress, which has recently been revived, is nothing but a gracefully draped princess polonaise, which requires only a flounce to complete the costume.

One of the prettiest of the new spring fabrics bears the name of Fleur de The. It is as thin as cambric and elastic like crape, and returns to its crinkled form after being laundered.

The popular lace cravat is a large lace bow called the merveilleuse, in imitation of the bows worn during the French revolution. It may be made of any trimming lace by sewing the straight ends together and of this forming an ordinary bow of two long loops and two ends barred across in the centre; below this the lace is then formed into a jabot shaped like a fan, the two shell-like rows coming together in a point below. This point reaches nearly to the waste, while the large bow is high about the throat—indeed, just under the chin.

All that have once used it pronounce Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup the best medicine known for the complaints of early childhood. 25 cents a bottle.

It is estimated that nearly \$39,000,000 were paid during the year 1879 through the twenty-two clearing houses of the United States.

One of our most estimable citizens may be thankful for the introduction of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, for its timely use has saved his life.

A Frenchman named Pierre Valcour, who lives on an ample income in a modest country dwelling near Lockport, N. Y., has unbosomed himself to the editor of the Lockport Union, regarding an invention which he is perfecting. This, the enthusiastic Gaul claims, will revolutionize the world. According to his account, it is a portable cable which each vessel will reel out as she departs, and take up as she returns, thus keeping up constant telegraphic communication with port during each day of the voyage.



## Vegetine Cured his Daughter.

CALLISTVILLE, Chilton Co., Ala., May 15, 1878. Dear Sir—My daughter has been afflicted with Nasal Catarrh, Affection of Bladder and Kidneys, and is of Scrofulous Diathesis, and after having exhausted my skill and the most eminent physicians of Selma, I at last resorted to the use of your VEGETINE (without confidence), and to my great surprise, my daughter has been restored to health. I write this as a simple act of justice, and not as an advertising medium. Respectfully, T. E. CALLIER, M. D.

## Worked Like a Charm—Cured Salt Rheum and Erysipelas.

75 COURT ST., Rome, N. Y., July 10, 1879. MR. H. R. STEVENS: Dear Sir—One year ago last fall my little boy had a breaking out of Erysipelas and Salt Rheum, his face being one matted sore of the worst description. Noticing your advertisement in the papers I purchased two bottles of the VEGETINE, and with the two bottles my son was cured. I never saw anything like the VEGETINE; it worked like a charm. I have been city watchman at Rome for years. This testimony is gratuitous. Yours, respectfully, HORATIO GRIDLEY.

## Remarkable Cure of Scrofulous Face.

WESTMINSTER, Conn., June 19, 1879. MR. H. R. STEVENS: Dear Sir—I can testify to the good effect of your medicine. My little boy had a scrofulous face break out on his head as large as a quarter of a dollar, and it went down his face from one ear to the other, under his neck, and was one solid mass of sores. Two bottles of your valuable VEGETINE completely cured him. Very respectfully, MRS. G. B. THATCHER.

## Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

## ODD FELLOWS, ATTENTION!

Agents wanted immediately in this vicinity to introduce the finest emblematic picture ever issued to the fraternity. Design by Bro. Dorrington, and never before published. Exclusive territory will now be given.

Enclose 3 cent stamp for reply. For full particulars address FITZBURGH CHROMO CO., P. O. Box 714. Pittsburg, Mass.

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We will send our Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances upon trial for 30 days to those afflicted with Nervous Debility and diseases of a personal nature. Also of the Liver, Kidneys, Rheumatism, Paralysis, &c. A new cure guaranteed or no pay. Address: Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

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**HEMORRAGES.** For stanching, bleeding, either external or internal, it is always reliable, and is used by Physicians in all cases of the lungs it is invaluable. Our Nasal Syringe and other are material aids in cases of internal bleeding.

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**DIPHTHERIA AND SORE THROAT.** Used as a gargle and also applied externally as directed in the directions of the diseases it will surely control and cure them. Do not delay trying it on appearance of first symptoms of throat trouble. It is invaluable.

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**HEMORRHOIDS or PILES** find in this the only immediate relief and ultimate cure. No case, however chronic or obstinate can long resist its regular use. The continued great service which the removal of clothing is inconvenient.

**PHYSICIANS** of all schools recommend and prescribe Pond's Extract. It has been used from hundreds, who order it daily in their general practice for Swellings of all kinds, Gouty Sores, Rheumatism, Erysipelas, etc., Chapped Hands, Face, and indeed all manner of skin diseases.

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